

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE SUFFRAGET OR SUFFERER—WHICH?

Chapter LXIX.

"It is people like the Smythes, Dick," I said after they had left, "who make me look upon the future of all married life with fear and trembling."

"Smythe is a bore," acquiesced Dick. "His ideal of a woman is a nice, cuddleey, dollie, to be played with, petted, dressed and adorned as the mood takes him. He is eaten up with his own conceit and has really quite as much respect and admiration for a woman as a Turk! He does not want his wife or any other woman to be a comrade—when he wants that he seeks masculine society."

"When he discusses war, politics or anything else that can be done without the introduction of sex he prefers a man companion every time."

"Woman to him must always be surrounded, in his mind, with saccharine scents and sweet smiles."

"I can see that the women who appeal to him must be sensuous instead of sensible," I said.

"I wonder how in the name of pity poor little Mrs. Smythe came to appeal to him in any way," said Dick, with a laugh. "She is as nearly a nonentity as any woman I have ever seen."

"Any woman would have to become that if she lived with that kind of a man long. Poor thing! How she must have suffered to have reached this state of acquiescence."

Dick looked at me queerly and then he repeated my remark to Smythe earlier in the evening and said: "So you don't intend to be a sufferer, Margie?"

"Why, of course not; do you?"

Dick looked much surprised at the idea that anyone should ask a man if he would voluntarily suffer and then he answered:

"You bet I'm not. I've no ambition for the hurt of a martyr's crown. Sometimes, dear, since I

have married, I have felt that most men liked to think that women accept suffering with a glad heart, or, rather, because they accept it, men think that women are not as capable of suffering as they are."

"Yes, I know," I said quickly before he could say what he evidently was thinking, "most women are supposed to accept the agony of childbirth, but if they could be asked I am certain that many of them would say this was not always of their choosing. But I think women, as well as men, shrink from suffering, and I, for one, am not going to suffer needlessly either physically or mentally. I may make sacrifices and I may fall under agony of spirit or bodily pain, but I warn you, Dick," I finished with a smile, "that I shall not writhe under the idea that marriage must mean deathless love while all the while little negligences of action and speech proclaim that it is slowly dying."

"Margie, I never thought you were so serious over this married life of ours," said Dick as he put his arms about me and softly kissed my eyes and hair.

"I wasn't, dear," I answered, "but you can't help but be serious about any kind of life today, and women are always considering it. They are daring to think, and the wonderfully beautiful part of it is, dearheart, that some thinking women are fortunate like I have been. They marry a man who is big enough to be fair to a woman's reasoning powers, as well as appreciate her sympathy and love."

"Flatterer," said Dick, fondly, just as Mollie burst into the room with: "All right, Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed; please pay some attention to little sister."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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Vaccination is a suffrage requirement in Norway.